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WHEN MEN WERE GAME

By ADELAIDE RUTH HILL.

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"The old fashioned fight of the far west," said the veteran from Idaho, "has died out with the stagecoach. Now and then there's some monkey business goin' on there, but it's not what it used to be. I've seen and heard of a number of 'em, but none in my remembrance for reel fightin', sich as men fight who're goin' to fight at all, equals that between McGuire and Riley away back in the fifties.

"The fust of it all was a dispute over cards. It didn't amount to much, except it made bad blood between the two men. Afterward they met on a ranch, and Riley accused McGuire of purposely brandin' stock as didn't belong to him. McGuire tried to kill him then and there, but was interfered with by Riley's friends. Soon after that some one, knowin' that the two men were bound to have it out, suggested to McGuire that they go off alone for the fight. McGuire agreed and sent word to Riley that he'd meet him the next mornin' at sunup on the trail between Beeswax and Bully creek and they would then and there settle whether or no he had branded stock thas wasn't his'n. Riley agreed There wasn't no seconds, no surgeons nor any of the claptrap that men have in toy duels. They was just goin' out to fight.

"Well, the next mornin', when it was still dark, McGuire mounted his horse and rode off toward the trail. There had been nothin' said about weapons, each man bein' left to take what he thought he could do the most damage with. McGuire carried two six shooters and a knife. As he rode along the stars was a-dyin' out and there was consid'able light where the sun was gittin' ready to come up. He looked toward the few little shanties that was Beeswax and saw somepin black comin' from that direction. It was Riley, and he was armed just about as McGuire was. They was a mile apart.

"Not wantin' to bring on the fight too near Beeswax, McGuire waited awhile, then moved on slow. When Riley got into range McGuire suddenly ducked under his horse's neck and fired. His bullet didn't do any damage at all. Riley he ducked Indian fashion, too, and fired. Both on 'em was ridin' around in a circle lookin' for a chance to plug the other. Finally Riley's horse went down, hit by one of McGuire's bullets. Riley, knowin' this would give his enemy an advantage, shot McGuire's horse, and each made a breastwork of his animal.

"Riley got the first plug, McGuire cuttin' a scratch around the side of his head that filled his shootin' eye with blood. He put his handkerchief under his hat to ketch it and kept on fightin'.

"Before the dozen shots each of 'em started with was exhausted both of 'em had three or four wounds. Neither of 'em dared go out from behind his horse till then, but when the last shots had been fired they started for each other with knives. Both on 'em staggered as they eyed each other, watchin' for a chance to git in a blow. But they was both about equally tuckered out, and neither on 'em had an advantage, and neither on 'em could git in a stroke to kill.

"By this time the pop'lation of the three huts that made up the town o' Beeswax, bein' wakened by the shots, come out to see the show. I was one on 'em. McGuire and Riley was hackin' at each other, both staggerin' from loss o' blood, havin' more of it outside than inside and just enough in their blinkers to keep 'em from seein' where to strike. It was a beautiful sight, I tell you, these two game men settlin' their dispute in true manly fashion, without seconds or surgeons.

"Bimeby they got so weak and so blind that their blows was nothin' that a four-year-old boy couldn't dodge; then they stopped altogether. We picked 'em up and carried 'em to the town. There wasn't but one room that could be spared, and we put 'em on bunks side by side. Each on 'em had from ten to fifteen wounds, and they was pretty well played out, but we watched 'em for awhile, thinkin' if they got strong enough they'd go at each other ag'in. You see, we didn't want 'em to die on our hands, we to send for burial things and nothin' to pay for 'em.

"We did git a doctor for 'em, and he looked out for 'em both. He said he thought Riley would die, though he couldn't be sure about either on 'em. It was some time before either knew enough to understand what was goin' on and longer before they could say anything. We was speculatin' whether when they got up they'd call the fight off, start in for a new one, or what, when one mornin' when the sun was shinin' in on 'em peaceful Riley he reached out his hand, took hold o' McGuire's and says he, he says:

"'Reckon you didn't brand no stock that didn't belong to you.'

"We was surprised to see McGuire take his hand, and he says, says he, 'You're game anyway.'

"It was two months before they got up and another before they could git away. When they did they rode off fust rate friends.

"No, siree; there ain't no such game fights now as they was then. The sand has gone out of"—

"Game fights!" replied the listener. "That's what they were—game fights, or better named dogfights. Such men are only large gamecocks, and even that sort of fighting has disappeared under more civilized conditions. The country where what you call these game fights took place is now being covered with dwellings, schools, colleges and churches."

CANNON'S BOXING ABILITY.

Speaker Drove His Right Into Ribs of Clerk Who Taunted Him as Fighter.

Speaker of the House Cannon, who sparred recently with "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien at the latter's training camp, demonstrated his pugilistic ability again the other day at Washington. Uncle Joe was sitting in his office in the capitol smoking a long black cigar when Alexander McDowell, clerk of the house, entered.

"What's all this I hear about your prowess with the mitts?" said McDowell tauntingly. "The only way you can fight is with a gavel."

"Is that so?" drawled the speaker, without removing his cigar. "D'ye want a personal demonstration? Put up your dukes right now and I'll show you a trick or two."

McDowell laughingly raised his hands as Uncle Joe sprang to his feet. He advanced his right foot awkwardly and thrust his right hand out before him.

"Oh, come, come!" said the speaker. "Get in proper position. You don't know anything about the game. You look like an elderly lady trying to shoo chickens out of a garden patch. Put your left foot forward and guard with your left arm. That's better. Now look out."

With the warning Uncle Joe made a few feints that had the effect of completely demoralizing McDowell. Sidestepping quickly, he feinted wickedly with his left for the McDowell chin and as the clerk threw up both guards drove a hard one into the official's ribs.

"Ugh!" said McDowell, and a look of pained surprise crept over his face.

"It was a shame to do it," said Uncle Joe, picking up his cigar and starting for the door.

"Come back!" challenged McDowell vociferously. "Come back and make it a finish fight. I dare you."

"Aw, go and get a reputation first," was the speaker's retort as he vanished in a curling cloud of smoke.

"IN GOD WE TRUST" ON CENT

Lincoln Penny Will Bear Inscription and Mark Departure In Coinage.

Director of the Mint Leach in Washington has ordered that "In God We Trust" appear on the new Lincoln cent, the designs and models for which were recently completed by Victor D. Brenner, the New York sculptor and medalist.

Dies of the Lincoln penny had already been made and proofs struck off and submitted to President Taft and other officials. In a letter received recently from the Philadelphia mint Superintendent Landis wrote that it was expected to issue the penny in June, but the other day Mr. Brenner was advised from Washington that the words "In God We Trust" must appear on the coin above the head of Lincoln. The pennies now are not expected to be issued before August, when the dies will be distributed among the United States mints and pennies coined simultaneously at Philadelphia, San Francisco and Denver.

The Lincoln penny marks a departure in American coinage. Coins produced by American mints have never borne the heads of any particular persons, only those depicting Liberty or the American Indian.

PERIL IN BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS

Make Enginemen Color Blind and Interfere With Reading Signals.

The dangers which arise from substituting strong electric headlights for those now used on railroad locomotives was emphasized at Indianapolis in a conference held the other day by the railroad commission of Indiana and reports of virtually all railroads operating in the state.

The conference was called to consider the law recently enacted according to which the commission has power to order locomotives to be equipped with stronger headlights if it finds that such a step is advisable.

The dangers from the stronger type of lamps, it was shown, arise from the fact, supported by a large number of practical tests, that the intensity of the rays, when used on a locomotive, tends to destroy the power of the engineman to distinguish among the colors used in switch lamps and that sitting behind the strong rays for a considerable length of time produces fatigue of the eyes and interferes with the reading of night train orders and signals.

Butterfly Farms.

There are now in England and France several establishments where butterflies are bred.

The Air Reserves.

[The United States government has thirteen men employed in its department of military aeronautics.—Official Report.]

We couldn't man a battleship or move a submarine,
We couldn't make a cruiser hit her pace,
But when it comes to handlin' a sky cruisin' machine
You've got to stand aside and yield us place.

We're just a baker's dozen, and we do not make much show
When the jackies go paradin' through the street,
But when the next war threatens you will hear from us, you know,
The thirteen of the skyfalutin' fleet.

We don't spend time at practice with those mighty roarin' guns
(We just let dummy nitro bombshells drop),
You don't hear much about us, and we ain't no favrite sons,
But we're there in Mr. Mars' fightin' shop.

We're tinkerin' with gas bags and a-fixin' aeroplanes—
Our talk is mostly scientific dope—
But when the battle's ragin' and the enemy makes gains
We'll prove the nation's pride and joy and hope.

—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

THE RETURN OF THE MARY DENTON

By EVELYN WETWORTH.

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The Mary Denton was a whaler that made voyages from New Bedford about the middle of the nineteenth century. The only testimony that I have to personally bear in the matter of her last return is that I was one of those who saw her the morning she was observed to be making into port with all her sails set. I'm not going to try to explain anything either psychologically or scientifically. That I shall leave the reader to do after reading the story.

The Mary Denton was named for the niece of the owner. There were a number of Dentons in New Bedford at that time, mostly sailor folks. Mary was about twenty. She was in love with a young fellow named Kendell—Edward Kendell—a fine young fellow, but a landsman. Kendell was as much in love with Mary as she was with him, but he was at the beginning of life and was not yet prepared to support a wife. Mary had a love for the sea, inherited from generations of sailor ancestors. Whether it was this that induced her father to ask Captain Denton to take her on a whaling voyage or whether he wanted to get her away from Denton with a view to breaking off the match or to pass some of the time that must elapse before their marriage I don't know. I never heard that the Dentons had any objection to Kendell provided he could take care of Mary. At any rate, Mary went with her uncle on a voyage that was to last three years.

Edward Kendell seemed heartbroken when he heard that he was to be separated from his love for this long period. Mary would have been delighted to go had it not been for leaving a lover behind. As it was, she was equally cast down. She cheered her lover with the hope that by the time of her return he would be doing well in business and they could be married.

Whoever conceived this plan of separating them seems to me to have acted with as much foresight as human beings are given. The lover knew that he was in no especial danger of losing his love while shut up on a vessel with only her old uncle and a crew of unrefined men, and a cruise would likely build up her physique, which was delicate. For a little while after she had gone he seemed stupefied, then suddenly went to work with a will that was bound to produce results. New Bedford, being then the center for the whaling industry, was a lively place, and Kendell was employed with a mercantile house trading in the oil. Every year he was advanced both as to position and salary. When the time for the return of the vessel had come he had become one of the first young business men of the place.

Captain Denton had told Kendell that he would bring his girl back to him on the third anniversary of her departure, and some said that if he were ahead of time on nearing port he would slow down and if behind would hurry. But as he was dependent on the winds this was doubtless said to encourage the downhearted young fellow. Naturally we wondered if the ship would come in on the appointed day. Kendell seemed to think it would. But I noticed one thing about him—after a certain date he became very despondent. He said in explanation that he had had a dream or a sensation, or something of the sort, that the ship was in trouble.

I shall never forget the third anniversary of the sailing of the Mary Denton. It had rained during the night before, and the morning was balmy, but with fog. I was sitting at my desk on the second floor by a window facing the harbor when the sun came out. I heard a cry from the street, "There she is, true enough!" Looking, I saw the fog rolling away and a ship with all her canvas set coming in under a very light breeze. I ran downstairs and into the street, to find several people looking at the coming ship. We all agreed she was the Mary Denton. While we looked another bank of fog enveloped her. We waited to see it roll away, but there was no break in it till sunset, when it suddenly vanished.

But where was the Mary Denton? We all had expected to see her riding at anchor. There was not a sign of her. She could not have sailed away, for there had been no wind. She could not have sunk in the harbor.

I was standing beside Edward Kendell when the fog lifted. The moment I saw the ship was not there I looked at him. An ashen gray slowly spread itself over his face, as if he had been touched by a specter. With a moan he turned away and disappeared.

There were five of us who saw the ship, all, as I have said, agreeing that she was the Mary Denton. Most of us believed that she had for some reason and in some unexplained way stopped in the fog and probably drifted out to sea. But why she should not have cast anchor in plain view of her port none of us could understand.

There was no more fog that day, and we who had seen the ship—or the vision—looked for the Mary Denton to come back. But she did not come that day nor any day. She is on the list of missing ships. The port she sailed from is no more the busy place of that period. The piers are deserted. Whaling voyages are a thing of the past. Edward Kendell left the place the day we all came eventually to think his sweetheart appeared in the guise of the ship that was named for her, and he was never seen there again.

A DRAMATIC CLIMAX.

It Didn't Come In Just the Way It Had Been Planned.

Her great-great-grandmother had been an actress and practiced dramatic situations. The old lady had also practiced walking home when the company stranded. The histrionic talent had therefore come down to Clara de Vere in a legitimate way.

Graduation day was at hand, and she determined to take a dramatic advantage of the occasion. She studied and thought and planned, and at length she hit it. Paul Rossmore, the clerk in the music store at $10 per week, would be there and have a front seat, and at the critical moment he would spring upon the stage and—

Her essay was announced at last, and she appeared. She was a vision in white. Never had she looked more lovely. Never had she seemed to have more nerve—not a halt nor a tremor as she came forward and faced that large and enthusiastic audience. In a loud, clear voice she began. In a voice without a sign of timidity in it she read her essay almost to the last line, and then she wavered, stumbled, lost her presence of mind and seemed about to faint.

The audience began to applaud to encourage her, but it was too late. She swayed, tottered about and threw her Paul his cue and was about to sink to the floor when a man sprang upon the stage and clasped her in his strong arms and whispered in her ear to be brave. It was not her Paul. He was still sitting there like a bump on a log. He was a one horse grocer named Hogg. He was fifty years old and had red whiskers and a bald head.

With a shriek of despair Miss Clara twisted herself out of his arms, called him an idiot and fled behind the curtain. The dramatic situation had been knocked into a cocked hat, and never again—never more on this earth—would she speak to the young man who hadn't got his wits and his legs united soon enough to play the hero to her heroine and end the graduation exercises with red and green fire and women fainting away all over the hall.—Joe Kerr in St. Louis Republic.